

THE DAY BOOK

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PREPAREDNESS.—If we are going to have military preparedness and compulsory service in some sort of a continental army I'm for the Swiss plan, with at least one proviso. I won't object seriously to all boys getting thorough physical training and building up their bodies. I won't object to them learning how to handle a gun—provided

I can see how a certain amount of training which would treat all boys and young men alike, with no special exemption for sons of the rich, might make for democracy.

I can see how democracy might be much safer in this country with every able-bodied man well drilled and all that—provided.

Now we come to the provided thing. I mean, provided that a rifle then becomes a part of the household furniture of every working-man in the country.

For I imagine such military preparedness as that might be democratic preparedness as well, by making it easily possible for the bone and sinew of our citizenship to protect our democratic institutions against attacks from within as well as against attacks from without.

And it would take us all back to our constitutional right to bear arms.

I have a hunch that democracy

would stand for that kind of preparedness.—N. D. C.

DARE YOU ANSWER? — "What does this country want me to do? Commit a crime and go to prison or lie down meekly and starve to death?"

Thus concluded a letter received by the — from a man who has for months been vainly seeking employment. Reader of this, we will assume that you are a good, substantial citizen of this community, respected by your neighbors, loved by your family and trusted by your fellows. We hope you are all three, for to such is this little editorial directed. Consider the question this hapless man puts to society; to YOU, for you are society, in its real significance.

Having considered the question, answer it!

Put yourself in that man's place if you can. Paint a mental picture of yourself in hunger, without a roof to shelter you, passing on and on in your unceasing rounds as you search for work, meeting rebuffs here, jeering insults there, until your heart grows sick unto death. You shudder at the thought, do you not. But wait. Reach out and draw your offspring into the picture frame, helpless, dependent, crying eternally for bread.

That gets you, doesn't it? This man had an 8-year-old son we forgot to mention. Now that you have completed your mind picture, friend, search your soul and answer, man to man, and before your Maker and his.

Would you beg, or steal, or lie down, your loved one by your side, to die?

Under an old treaty with the Chipewas, Northern Wisconsin is likely to be declared "dry." Cold day for old Demon Rum when even the Indians begin to soak him.

"The president is care-free," says a headline. Married and care-free in the Christmas present season? Oh, Paradise!